

HARRY SMITH

(think of the self speaking)

folded in  
etc. moon

Spells  
Wodde  
Lexy  
TG Ve

Where to start?  
How can it matter—  
You have evidence  
On every side of you  
That you are  
The very smartest being  
In all this Great Round World.

stal.

And can do no wrong at all.  
A notion came to me  
today at tea time  
for, as I gazed  
into the liquid  
shimmering like a great cod-fish eye in a thimble

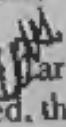
It swirled  
and so impacted me  
with thoughts of "Proust" <sup>to</sup>  
"Nonsense" <sup>to</sup>  
"I accept and/or reject the  
and/or "Truth" (and/or)  
"Death" and/or "Beethoven"  
that (only that) nagging Freudian thing  
referred to by Mathers  
as the macroprosopus  
and the microprosopus,  
(in effect)

as tweaking each other noses.  
The Big Nose, being in contact with mine.  
As I am, of course, infinity  
(It already having been established  
that if infinity exists,  
God exists)

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and thus God & I are one  
 this because my  
 knowledge of God  
 (and therefore God,  
 as far as any possibility  
 of my understanding  
 the nature of God-hood)  
 and therefore being God  
 is paradoxically  
 totally parallel  
 to the existence of God  
 and therefore incommensurate.  
 This sort of relaxation of the Will  
 so typical of our society's  
 search for the unguents of the East  
 in the forms of Swamis,  
 Books of the Dead,  
 Psychedelic Fungi known  
 only from the Heart  
 of some Dark Continent for other  
 (comp. Blake, "Heart shaped  
 Africa" — but isn't this South,  
 not East?)  
 and, lacking presence of a ~~bar~~ Door   
 to crush my (non-perceived, thus non-existent) finger in  
 (such finger being possible  
 only because it is non-existent)  
 and this possible/impossible  
 and/or accident  
 being the only sure-cure  
 for over-indulgence in  
 Arthur Avalon,  
 T. G. von Strehlow,  
 Noam Chomsky,  
 Claude Levy-Straus,  
 and their ilk;  
 the Animal in me surfaced  
 the already self-contained,  
 non-existent  
 two-in-one-in-two

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battle  
 of that self that is  
 both-or-only Behemoth and/or Leviathan  
 so entertaining  
 to the blessed, as they  
 (like myself at tea  
 in the hypothetical  
 earlier-today)  
 in fact were obviously me,  
 and thus God, earlier today  
 but even more obviously *us*  
 in that future "now"  
 "when time shall be no more"  
 that I rested my eyes where  
 "The Sacred State of the Akan"  
 should be if I had a copy  
 applied the Jimmy-Cliff-  
 having-lights-turned-on-  
 by-Preacher-  
 at-the-word-"shine"  
 (comp. L. Armstrong)  
 principle, once again,  
 to that obviously inferior beadwork  
 of the Queen Mother of Ashanti  
 (in relation to that of

[1] Queen Victoria)  
 and smiled proudly  
 at a hastily achieved thought-form  
 of Lord Baden-Powell  
 at Bartama writing  
 "And a Jolly Good Blaze  
 it was to [ ]  
 thanked my lucky stars  
 that the  
 never-was, never is, never-will-be  
 thread of the Ain Soph

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try the Grandpa-following-  
Northerners-North bit  
a few more times  
before I even attempted  
the Sitting-Bull, Mother-  
Hubbard, Illinois-Ohio axis [again]  
Experienced a decline  
in the Alpha Rhythm  
from that which transformed  
the veritable image of Baden-Powell etc.,  
into my thinking of Sarat Chandra Das  
(himself thinking, within this thought,  
at a high Alpha rate,  
of the pastel  
pink and blue of Mrs. Waddell's  
wash-line, in Darjeeling)  
as he writes of Queen Victoria  
crossing a vertical axis  
and becoming Lha-Mo,  
and thus, safe back in the Orient,  
transform "I have evidence  
on every side of me that  
I am" by crossing this self-same axis,  
now in the form of a mirror,  
and perceiving myself,  
in my "Artless Japanese Fashion"  
as the most beautiful Maid  
in all this Great Round World,  
Gilbert and Sullivan (1 + 1)  
equivalent to Queen Victoria  
and the Lha Mo (2 + 2),  
and thus having returned completely  
from that most distant  
matrix of Complete reversal,  
this time with three,  
instead of two units;  
me generating you,  
you generating God,  
God generating me,  
and thereby, alas,

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check spelling

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with the only real possibility  
being to compare the self with the self,  
whether or not that self  
be the self of existence,  
or the self of nothing,  
the first equals the last  
which is, of course, impossible  
(until we reach that point  
when time shall be no more).

5 1

thus there is absolutely no possibility whatsoever  
of your having read a poem, *Pa this*  
only a memory which, perforce,  
no matter how many times  
it may be added to by re-reading it at any point whatsoever,  
in any order whatsoever,  
at any speed whatsoever,  
cannot possibly exist,  
For, as the "Now" is so small  
as to not exist at all  
except as a hypothetical,  
dimensionless nothing of memory,  
oh you who have read this,  
or think you have read this,  
try to prove that you have read it.

5 2

For you have not  
and never can,  
no matter how you twist & turn  
for this is an impossibly small point  
and you do not exist at all,  
and the feeling you think exists  
does not exist at all;  
and any emotion you feel  
as joy/sadness, love/hate,  
contentment etc.,  
can only be existent

5 3

as the most concentrated paranoia.  
So, therefore, if you think you have read this,  
or even that you exist,  
you are hopelessly insane;  
this insanity, itself being impossible,

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so that if you think these words exist,  
or that you exist in any way whatsoever,  
prepare for the most excruciating  
hideous tortures possible,  
for no death, whatsoever,  
can exist where there is nothing,  
and the greatest possible joy  
cannot possibly compensate  
for the pain you will performe experience;  
as the feeling that you exist  
can only be an error,  
and the natural outcome  
of error is remorse.

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Therefore at least try  
to erase this hideously grim future.  
Gulp down any pill or capsule you see or feel,  
no matter how innocent it may look,  
on the remote chance  
it may be poisonous or explosive.

5 1

Start NOW by savagely gouging  
out your own eyes.

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5 1

Don't be afraid,  
at least try;  
you will have less chance  
of having any possible way  
of avoiding fires, stairwells,  
open windows on the 30<sup>th</sup> floor,  
razor-sharp teeth etc. of various descriptions.

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At any event, grab sharp b  
knives whenever you can  
and mutilate yourself  
in the most sensitive areas  
of the body possible.

There is at least a remote chance  
that it may do some small  
bit of good on some day  
so far remote that the prospect  
of incredibly intense pain  
for periods of time so long  
as to be inconceivable.

should steel you to face  
the worst at once.  
Therefore I again exhort you  
to gouge out your eyes  
once and for all.  
For you do not exist,  
I do not exist,  
pain does not exist.  
Therefore, start this way  
to blot out the page  
and enter into pain for ever,  
death forever,  
and horror forever and ever and ever,  
for as there is a vestige  
of sensation left,  
no matter how ever slight,  
(you can feel it now)  
there is no hope at all.

10/4/76 4:00 PM  
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